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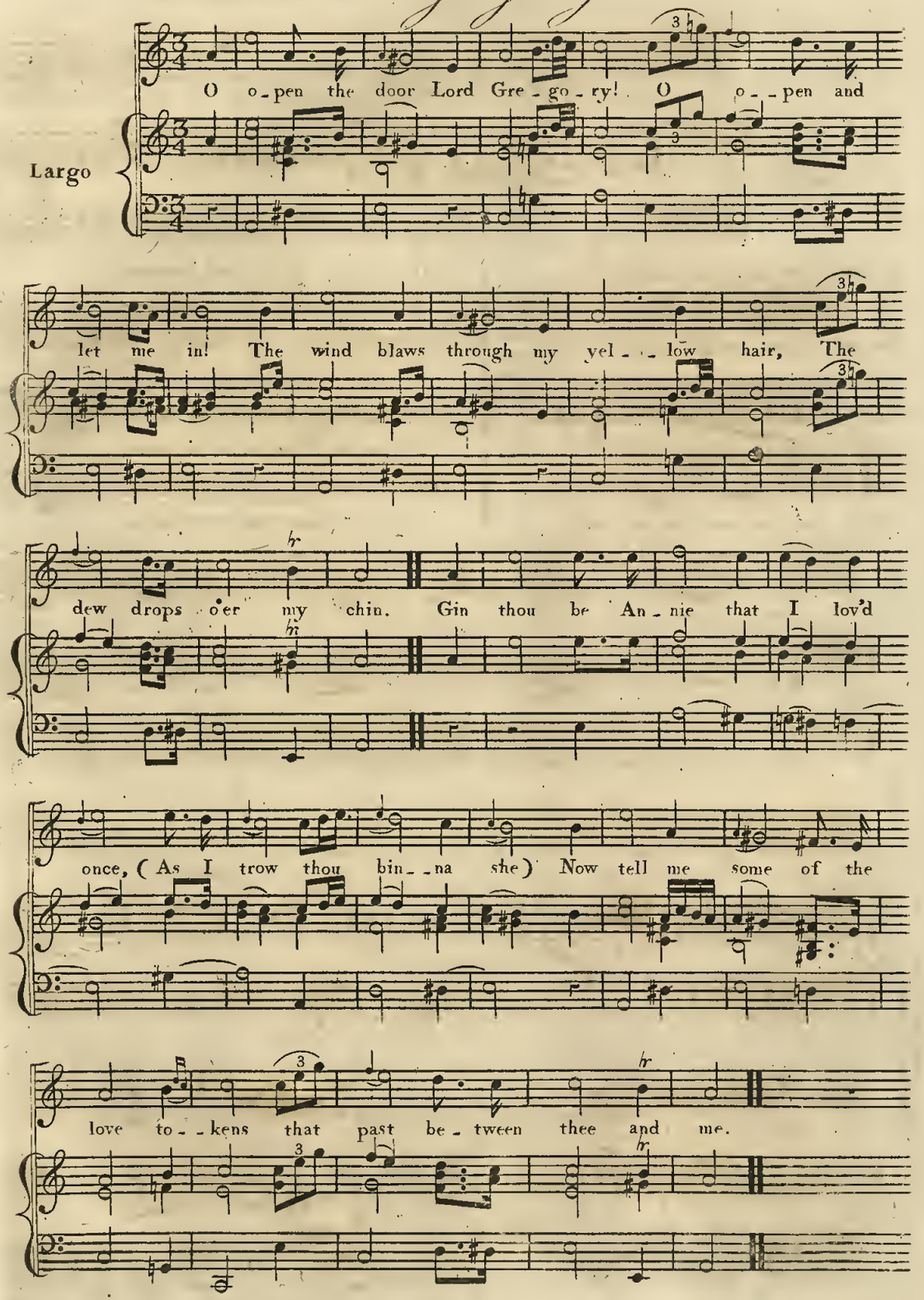
Lord Gregory.



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LORD GREGORY.

O! OPEN the door, Lord GREGORY!
O! open and let me in;
The wind blaws through my yellow hair,
The dew drops o'er my chin.—
Gin thou be ANNIE that I lov'd once,
(As I trow thou binna she,)
Now tell me some of the love tokens,
That past between thee and me.—

O! dinna ye mind, Lord GREGORY,
It was down at yon burn-side,
We chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
Ye vow'd I'd be your bride!
Ah! fause were your words, Lord GREGORY,
When ye swore ay to be mine!
But in death ere morn I shall find rest,
And my heart nae mair repine.

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